THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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The Importance of Early Mental Discipline.

IF man is elevated above the brute creation, in what consists his superiority? The ready answer is—the possession of a mind. Now, since mind is so infinitely more dignified, in its existence and destination, than mere instinct, it will assuredly be allowed by all, that any circumstance or effort is truly momentous, which exalts one intelligence above another, and thus draws a still more positive line of distinction between him, upon whom the Almighty has affixed the noble impress of divine origin, and the cringing reptile that treads the earth beneath him. But does such a kindly influence exist? and if so, what is it? The indisputable pre-eminence of civilized man over the savage, manifestly declares that it has been, and the meliorated condition of mankind, taken as a world, proves that it continues to be; and the history of the human mind, through every vicissitude of light and darkness, of cultivation and abasement—establishes the fact, that discipline is the only charm, that can fully elicit its hidden resources of happiness and greatness—and that, the discipline to be complete, must be early, systematic, and thorough.

When the training of the mind is begun, at a tender age, and carried on through successive years, with a due reference to order and precision, it rarely fails to bring all its faculties, into such an habitual exercise, that but little exertion is requisite, to marshal out all its effective powers, at any time, and on any occasion. By this is meant, that, excepting the circumstance of extra mental, or physical suffering, the intellect of man can be made subject to government, so absolute and unequivocal, as to compel it to a full exhibition, of all its strength, at every juncture. This command over the powers of the mind must, of course, be voluntary, and independent; otherwise, the position would be absurd. For the revolting scenes of the Spanisn inquisition, have abundantly established, that no force or cruelty, from another, can wring even the poor effort of a confession from the hapless victim of bigotry and prejudice. It is all in vain to say, that a slight depression of the spirits, enervates the whole mental system, disjoints its nice machinery, and consequently, renders it completely incompetent for any important attempt. Resolution in this, as in every thing else, can effect wonders. Let a man but determine, with firmness, to sit down, at any moment, and exhibit the best specimen of composition, of which he is capable, considering the time employed, and his ready success, will pleasingly convince him, that decision of character, is a most indespensable trait. The want of this, on the other hand, is an evil wholly without excuse—for the opposite virtue, is the result of habit, and habits can be acquired by every one.

Dr. Johnson is a splendid example for the man, who needs encouragement, in bringing his mental faculties under due subordination. This distinguished author, maintained not only in theory, but by actual demonstration, that the mind can be made an obedient instrument to its possessor. For of him it is recorded, that within the almost incredibly short period of seven successive mornings, he completed ready for publication, the "History of Rasselas," one of the most elaborate, and highly finished productions that has ever reflected honor on English Literature. But whilst we strive with zeal, to imitate him in this particular, we should not lose sight of his other combined excellencies. In addition to the faculty of an unpremeditated exercise of the mind, he had qualified himself to reason, with subtltey, ingenuity, and clearness; to body forth the creations of fancy, with a skill and beauty that charmed while they instructed, and to delineate in language with astonishing accuracy, all the mighty workings of impassioned feelings and excitement. And whenever it was necessary, he could introduce those distinct characteristics of a good writer, into the same composition, and bring them to bear, in all their varied forms, upon the same subject. To render the mind perfectly organised and obedient, should be the unwavering object of every man, who would make just pretensions to the name of Scholar.

And here I cannot withstand the temptation to a brief episode, by way of remark on the mathematics. This branch of education, is said to have for its leading design, a rigid and profitable exercise of the reasoning powers. So far as its pursuit answers this purpose, surely no plea more rational, could be adopted. But does it follow, as a necessary consequence, that the skilful and profound mathematician, is the most infallible and practical reasoner, in matters of ordinary occurrence? Did Demosthenes derive his eloquence from the geomatrical re-

search, which gave distinction to Euclid? Did Pythagorus trace his wisdom, to the simple fact, of havieg appertained the peculiar quadrature of the sides, about a right angled triangle? Did Thales and Eudoxus, attribute their astronomical knowledge, to the limited and unchargable inference drawn from mathematical investigation? The answer is plainly negative; for, however, the science of calculation and proof, may have calculated to the celebrity of a man, it has even been nothing more than a minor assistant, connected with more efficient and important instruments. The mere elementary principles of mathematics, are too abstruse and positive for the every day concerns of life. And wherefore, then, is so much stress laid upon the requisition of the higher branches? The question is disposed of, as soon as it is proved, that the mathematics alone can make the orator, or the sage, the author, or the statesman.—Then, and not before, can it be justly said, that they ought to enjoy a precedence over every other department of a scholastic course. We fairly admit, that no idiot can be a superior mathematician, but we must have evidence, at least, as incontestible as geometry can afford, to persuade us to believe that all who do not excel in this branch, are by consequence idiots.

But this degression is quite too tedious, much more so than was intended, and very probably, while it fails to convince any that its assertions are true, will be thought to smack strongly of the fox and sour grapes. Yet there is a satisfaction in knowing that we have expressed none but honest sentiments, and therefore, can cheerfully return to the main subject, recommending to every individual, a practical knowledge of general literature, rather than exclusive and hypercritical attainments in any particular science. When this point is secured, it remains to improve our acquisitions, to the best possible advantage. This can be effected by conceding all proper respect to the dictates of reason and conscience. And obedience should mainly be given to the injunction of the latter, for the light of reason, does not always disclose the virtuous propensities of the heart. Guided by this, the erudite and sagacious Hume was induced to prostitute his sentiments, which have stigmatized the brilliant efforts of Voltaire's masculine genius, and left an indelible spot on the patriotic, and otherwise dignified writing, of the learned and generous Paine—supported, therefore, by the reason which conscience approves, the fitly disciplined mind can safely expose the results of its labors to the criticism of the world; and whatever may be its reception, the author will be proudly sustained, by the cheering reflection, that he has been actuated, by such motives alone, as merit the rich reward of self-approval, and the propitious countenance of a benevolent God. ALA.

The Departure of the Indians.

I.

They gathered round the holy place
Where slept the ashes of their sires.
A gloom was spread o'er every face,
But flash'd their eyes unwonted fires.
And heaved their bosoms wild and high,

As gazing on the hallowed earth
They thought of years and glory gone,
Thought of the land that gave them birth,
The land their fathers called their own,
Endeared by many a sacred tie,

For there their fathers fought and bled,
There in their glory died,
And there the noblest of their dead
Were slumbering side by side.

II

The white man's sword had laid them low,
Their blood distained the white man,s hand,
And at the white man's voice, must go
Their children to a foreign land,
To die in hopeless exile there.

With feelings deep but silent too,
Aloft they raised their eagle eyes,
And gazed upon the unclouded blue
As calling vengeance from the skies,
Its red right arm in wrath to bare.

Night soon came down,—they look'd abroad,
The earth was wrapt in gloom;
Through the lone darkness, on they trod,
A nation to its tomb.

III.

Have ye not seen a lonely star,
Towards the mid-heaven, rolling on
Sublimely in its radient car,
In the broad arch, the only one,
Yet flinging brightness o'er the whole,

When one by one, a glorious train
Marched up along the front of night,
And over all the etherial plain
Pour'd one united stream of light,
Still blaz'd the heaven's from pole to pole;

And then that lone one's splendor died,
No darkness o'er it pass'd,
But it was lost in the full tide
Of glory round it cast.

IV.

Such were the Indians—such their fate,
O'er the wide west they ruled alone,
But now their homes are desolate;
Their nation's glory all is gone;
And far beyond the mountains blue,

Uprearing in the distant west
Their cloud wreathed summits to the sky,
They're gone to seek a place of rest,
A place to lay them down and die,
'Tis all! 'tis all, that they can do!

Soon shall the western ocean sweep
Their latest track away,
Soon the wild surges of the deep
Shall drown their latest sigh!

V.

'Tis terrible to die—even when
The latest, lingering look is cast
Over the same endeared scene,

Where childhood's blessed hours were past;
To see the sun of life descend
When beams its last expiring light
On the same spot where first it shone;
To feel around our eyes, the night,
The long, deep night of death come down;
Though on the bosom of a friend,
A mother's or a sister's breast,
We lean our heads in death,
And sinking to our endless rest,
Give them our latest breast.

VI.

But far more fearful terrors rise
Or him who feels lifes latest throes,
While seeing o'er him other skies,
Around him other scenes than those
He knew in boyhoods careless days,
Even the poor sailor, though he craves
As life's last wish that he may lie
Buried beneath the dark blue waves
Of the unfathomable sea,
Still wishes for one distant gaze
Of his own dear, his native land,
Where all his loved ones dwell,
To look in death upon the strand,
He lov'd in life so well.

VII.

Then wonder ye that those dark brow'd,
And high-soul'd men, felt deeply, when
Around their father's graves they bowed,
And thought of what they once had been,
Of what they now were doomed to be?
A glorious land around them lay,
But look'd it like their father's home?
The mighty forests where were they
That once their father's love'd to roam
In nature's soul-born majesty?
Thus changed in all things, it were woe
Enough even there to stay,
But keener anguish yet, to go
And perish far away.

VIII.

But on they went—their march was on,
Beyond the hills of the far off west,
Where the last rays of the setting sun
On nature's rocky ramparts rest,
Or from the mountain torrents flash.
The tempest gathered dark and dread,
They saw not, heeded not its frown,
Dark were their souls—hope thence had fled,
And fell despair assumed the throne.
But came a startling—whelming crash,
Th tarted—even he firm earth reel'd
Upon its strong fix'd base!
'Twas heaven itself in thunder peal'd
The requiem of their race! D.

A Letter

Written by Green Mountain, to the White Hills.

Dear Sir :—

We have long been known to each other by right, and what I have to communicate will, I trust, be deemed a sufficient apology for my thus venturing to address you without the formalities of an introduction. High and hoary brother, the time has passed when we could sit and gaze at our images in the glassy lakes at our feet, or hold converse with the vast and lonely grandeur that dwelt with us, but we are now called upon to act. Although we have witnessed innumerable changes since the great flood, and have had our feelings severely tried by different private occurrences, at no time have I felt so utterly despondent as at the present. I have reared up about me a numerous family of hardy children; and I think I may say without partiality, that a more vigorous, intelligent, and moral household cannot be found on the face of the earth. They have always looked up to me with reverence and affection, and my love for them has grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength. Such being my sentiments, it may be easily imagined, that I should regard with jealous watchfulness whatever I considered to be in the slightest degree dangerous or injurious to their interests.—If they were threatened from without, I could shelter them in my bosom and frown defiance on their enemies; but there is a busy devil in the camp, whose insiduous attacks I fear more than I ever did the bravado, of a Tyron or a Prescott. A perverted and sickly ambition has taken possession of them, and they think it the mark of a degraded and degrading spirit to get their bread by the sweat of their brow, as their fathers did before them. These unhappy youth, whose only endowments are ignorance and presumption, as soon as the down of fifteen silvers their chin, begin to "feel immortal longings." The vapid and *ignominious* life of the farmer disgusts them, and a *liberal profession* becomes the cynosure of their eyes. The robust boy, whom I have looked upon with delight as he turned the stubborn glebe, is suddenly fired with ambition. He commences wielding syllogisms instead of the flail; he thunders in a debating school; astonishes his honest father by his profundity in political economy; expatiates to his admiring mother on the meum et teum of individuals, and is pronounced a genius. A neighboring lawyer receives the astonishing youth into his office, and after initiating him into the mysteries of plover, demurrer, docket, versus, and alius, sends him forth a thorough jurist. He raises a crop of whiskers, purchases an enormous washed seal and commences business. And this man, who might have made a valuable citizen, becomes the pest and curse of society.

Every one is possessed of a mania for a *liberal* profession. I have heard the changes rung upon law, medicines, theology, and the "mercantile line" till I am sick of the whole of them. But if there is any one thing that I hate above all others, it is a medical school—where they take the raw material and convert it into an M. D. in six months. When these youth leave an institution of this kind, and return home, they are truly the wonder of their parents. Their

solemnity of countenance is most impressive. Every movement smacks of pharmacy. At times their oracular jaws slowly open, and a procession of technics stalk forth—Phlebotomy,—Therapeutics, Zygodactulous, Diagnostics, Xerophthalmy, dolor-dentis, et cetra, heaven save the work! By a strange perversity of taste, they delight in lavishing these terms upon the most ignorant of their *patients*. And realy if it were not for anger that my hardy yeomanry are converted into to such ostentations as these, I should feel disposed to laugh at their proceedings.

Yes, all—sad thought! are forgetting their sturdy origin! The "march of mind" sweeping and dragging from its proper station every yard-stick, sledge and saw, paint-brush, plough and plane. College is head-quarters, and there I am doomed to behold Freshmen, spoiling for want of Attic salt; Sophomores, to whom the bitterest irony would not impute the sophos;—Juniors, if not literally, yet lamentably so, in all that relates to mind; and Seniors, though venerable as Methuselah, very babies in intellect. A most erudite investigation for six whole months of the Mathematics, Latin and Greek transformed these useful *implements* into "candidates for admission," and now I can hear of them only as literary lions, roaring about the land in the language of Flaccus Horace, "noris nos; docti sumes." They shave their forehead to increase its height, and scowl before a looking-glass to stamp upon it "the intersected lines of thought," and when they walk forth to *meditate* at night, it is, really amusing to see what a languishing saccharine look they labor to assume, if by chance, they meet a pensive seminarian.

> "Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
> Class honors, medals, fellowships await;
> Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
> If to such glorious height he lift his eyes."

I can find no terms sufficiently strong to express the disgust and contempt which are excited by these degenerate sons of my gallant Green Mountain boys.

But, brother White, all these things *can* be borne: I can see my sinews emasculated and withering; but there is an evil—my daughters, the apple of my eye? If it were possible for such a tough piece of timber as myself to weep, I could do it in this argument. These sweet creatures rose with the lark, and went forth singing, with the milk-pail in their hands, are now, in regular process of being, converted into that expensive and inconvenient article, termed a *fine lady*.

Their "dear papa," transports them from the dairy and kitchen to a female seminary, and they immediately commence promenading the streets in platoons; writing sonnets to the moon, and billetdoux to moon-struck sophomores; and when an undergraduate is in hearing, they talk (to themselves, but loud enough to be overheard) in a languishing way, of evening, "the vesper hour of love;" and when they part in the streets, they are so romanticaly affectionate, and so affectionately romantic, tnat I always think of Waller's couplet,

> "The mountains kiss the heaven, and rivers kiss the sea,
> Then dearest why should you refuse one kiss to me."
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> "'Tis true your budding, Miss, is very charming,
> All giggle, blush;—half pertness, and half pout,
> And glancing at *Mamma*—forbear, there's harm in
> What you, she, it, or they, may be about,
> The nursery still lisps out in all they utter—
> Besides, they always smell of bread and butter."

The inhabitants of a village where one of these schools is located, are well nigh bored to death. The clerks curse the hour when they first went behind the counter; and all the milliners are ready to drown themselves from sheer vexation. But the worst remains to be told.—These "Young Ladies," after learning to thrum the Piano, sketch, and murder French, return home to ruin an honest man, or die an old maid.

I have thus, brother White, laid before you a few of my family troubles. If you can devise a remedy, I beg of you to do it, for I am in despair.

Yours, &c.

GREEN MOUNTAIN.

Ambition.

This thought:—now stealing on my soul, with spell
That wraps bright musings in the shade of death—
And ever coming at the lonely hour,
Its revellings are there; and brooding dark
O'er riven hopes and shades of dying joys,
It hovers round, like the gorged vulture's band
Where smokes the life blood of an empire lost.
How oft, when hopes are bright, and strongly flows
The life swell in my breast—when sweetest charm
That earth may know, around young hearts is twined—
How oft, dark spirit of the grave, doth come
Upon my joys thy chill grasp then, and leave,
That tide slow ebbing back—those hopes a wreck!

Yes—child of the grave art thou, spirit dark!
And well remembered is the hour, when first
The prescient vision came; while bending o'er
The tombs deep rest, the many heroes' couch
At night fall spread, when hushed the battle peal.
Unnamed, unknown, they slumbered there: and fame
Her record scroll had lost, of name and deed:
And save the dwarf pine's monumental trunk,
Rooted on mortal soil, and legend tale
Of olden strife and blood—no trace survived
Of greatness gone, or laurels lost, to tell.
Their eulogy the dark wing'd ravens cry—
The wind their requiem. That fearful thought
Crept o'er my musing brain. 'Twas not that earth
Would scorn, or curse, or from my dust withhold
The boon of epitaph—(thus oft is spared
The marble's truth;) 'twas not that earth was fair,
And had a charm for me—that friends alone
Would weep my loss, while hypocritic foes

Sigh o'er my bier, and damp my winding sheet—
Nor yet that few, upon my coffined clay,
Would gaze with grief, unheeded is that rage—
Their tears uncraved—their proudest scorning scorned.
But that my *name* must die—*remembrance* wane—
And *friends* forget that I have ever been—
That no kind hand will tear oblivion's veil
From off the record page, and read my name—
"Aye there's the rub"—the acme of my woe.
And I have slept, and thoughts 'twould vanish then,
As fade, at vesper hour, the dreams of day:
But it was there—wedded with Incubus—
And held the reins of soul; and visions stamped
Of dark unearthly seemings on my brain.
And I have waked and smiled that it was gone:
Not long—soon painting to oblivion's shroud
It propts, by ceaseless strife, some laurel'd deed
To rescue from its grasp—some barrier strong
Against forgetfulness.
Ah! thou art more than fancy's imaging;
Thou hast a name: Ambition—for of peace!
And I could curse thee, tyrant, for thy sway.
How hast thou revelled in these halls—how sat
With tyro at his toil, or dipped thy quill
For him, and knit his brow, of some vast theme
Some wondrous thought to trace, and win the meed—
Suspicion vague of "perpetrating verse!"
The critics lash, concomitant of worth!!
Or some shrewd guess, founded on signature,
That he *can* write!!! Oh! consummation vast!
Oh! climax glorious!—would 'twere mine. INCOG.

A more sure evidence of the extension of knowledge and improvement of principles in the minds of men cannot, perhaps be found in this country than the change of popular feeling in regard to the views of slavery and intemperance. But a few years since, and hundreds of the civilized world, men too, who professed to be guided by the principles and examples of the meek and lowly Jesus.—Men who professed to have been taught from on high and to have imbibed the spirit of him who spake as never man spake; men who were even clothed with the sacerdotal garb of the holy sanctuary, and who were set up to be lights unto the world, as instructors of the ignorant, guides of the blind, and friends to the deserted and forsaken, would, without the least remorse of conscience, traffic in the flesh and blood of their human kind.—Yes, thousands have spent a long life in robbing the once happy shores of injured Africa of her dearest sons, and bartering the happiness and freedom of the noblest work of God for gold. When we contemplate the injuries, the wretchedness and the horrors of blood and carnage with which beings calling themselves rational, and even christians, have caused to visit the sons of Ham, do we not sicken to our inmost soul and our very lives wax and wane within us? With what astonishment are we filled, with what abhorrence do we look upon the characters and conduct of our fore-fathers in this point of view? Language is *too* feeble and words are inadequate to the task. But they have their excuse and it may be some palliation for the enormity of their offence. Public feeling was not awake to the subject: the curse had been pronounced upon Ham and his descendants, that "he should be the servant of servants" and but few men considered but they had an undoubted right to banter life for gold. But this excuse at the present day is entirely done away. Nations have become awake to the subject. They have seen through a "glass darkly" a few of the horrors, a small part of the misery which the wretched sons of Africa have endured. They have seen enough of its awful effects to convince them that "the last stain from which a Savior's blood can wash a soul, is the stain of the sweat and blood of the African slave." They are just beginning to awake as from a long sleep of lethargy and to open their long closed eyes to a sense of their awful guilt and are endeavoring to make a few feeble efforts to redress the grievances of Afric's sons and to restore peace and happiness once more to the wretched homes of their Father's.

That which was once deemed as harmless—we see now declared as the greatest of crimes. That which a Christian could once perform and engage in without the least compunction of conscience, is now, and justly too, punishable with *death*.

The same change has also been effected in regard to the use of Ardent Spirits. Mankind have by habit, worked themselves into a belief that the Almighty had but half finished his work; that the use of a poisonous dram was absolutely necessary for the health and comfort of man, while engaged in his ordinary occupation; our nature seemed satisfied ere a man had eaten enough to withstand "the burden and heat of the day." So firmly had this principle entwined itself into our minds, and so closely had it become united to our natures, that but one step separated us from a set of brutes, a nation of *drunkards*. With what abhorrence do we, at the present day look upon intemperance. How are our feelings shocked at the thought, that we ourselves, our friends, our neighbors, those whom we respect and in whom we are wont to confide, stand in danger, too, of falling into the awful gulph that yawns beneath, if they are not already there.

Many a youth whom the fond mother has hung over with feelings divided between hope and fear, vainly endeavoring to lift the veil of his future years, has yielded himself, its victim. He launches forth upon the broad ocean of life, surrounded by its whirlpools, but with an eye too eager to see the danger to which he is exposed, he looks beyond them and is hurled headlong into the vortex of destruction. Who would look with indifference and become an idle spectator in such a scene? Who would bid fare-

well to a son or brother without a struggle of anguish, and say adieu to all my hopes? None but those whose hearts have become callous to the feelings of sympathy. Let the youth, before he leaves the paternal roof, select the plan of his life and from such rules as shall guide him safe through this maze of existence, and never for once suffer himself to deviate from what shall be "the boon of his life."

Friendship.

O, sacred friendship! be my lovely theme
While I inscribe these humble lines to thee,
Who ever art upon the boundless stream
Of time, the friend of grief and misery;
Who warms't alike the breast of savage man,
Alike invigorates the highland clan.

Teach those loved ones the ills of life to bear,
Who at thy sacred shrine have fondly knelt,
And heart for heart with true devotion there
Have pledged—and at the shrine where virtue dwelt,
In spotless innocence arrayed, have sworn
To love, in fortune's smile or passion's storm.

I saw thee when in the Hymenial hour
Spreading thy sweet smiles o'er every face,
And sorrow before thy enchanting power
Was fleeing fast away—and lovely grace
Was shed with lustre on the happy pair
Which told that nought but happiness was there.

O'er them let thy guardian care preside
When in affliction's dreary path they go
In virtue's path to them be thou the guide
That they, or care, or pain, may never know;
But like thyself their lovely image be
Beloved in time—happy in eternity. MONTIVILLE.

"*Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrutus idem est.*"
HORACE.

IMITATED BY PYTHAGORAS.

Avoid the curious man, whose query-tongue
Winds round its point the secrets of thy ken:
The reel, that, gath'ring yarn, has loudly rung,
Is ready oiled to spin it off again.

MR. EDITOR,—

Didst thou ever meet a babbler? If so, and thou art yet among the living, commend me to thy doctor and diet, or expect soon to record under thy obituary the untimely end of one, who, (the coroner's jury will say,) sober, orderly, inoffensive and unsuspicious, withal, was hurried out of the world by an undue portion of gossip, in connection with an injudicious effort to relieve the inly pressure by means of the *stomach pump*. The truth is, such an accident has occurred to me, and through such an operation have I passed. I now write that, if I perish, others may be cautious how they thrust their hands into *our general depository* of town news. This simple act might, in itself be safe, were it not for the transmigrating influence within, which, in affording a supply of foreign *materiel*, is sure to extract, to the very marrow, the "sum and substance" of the applicant.

Since my misfortune I have been able to collect, for that worthy personage, the public, an imperfect account of the general appearance and resources of this dangerous, yet wonderful body.—Its form has been a matter of dispute, though I should liken it into a polygonic prism. It carries, what on the human countenance, would pass for a smile;—and this, with the fact that the cover is always off its mouth, beguiles the unwary to a scrutiny of its contents. After such an investigation, another striking characteristic presents itself, videliect, a mirror on each and every side. The face towards you reflects an image of your neighbor, and if, unknown to the *body*, you can steal around to the opposite glass, you will find yourself portrayed in magnified proportions. How, aside from the mode above remarked, the *depository* accumulates its exhaustless fund of gossip, has been a question in vain discussed by many a dupe. Some have imagined that it is a kind of comet, with habits so eccentric, that after a brief sojourn in some devoted spot, its course is resumed around the general *luminary*, and, declare the advocates of this theory, while "traversing the regions of space," its satelites have the singular property of detaching themselves and scouring creation in search of news; and one or two have been so adventurous as to strike boldly even into the *sun*, and bring thence sundry precious items of scandal. Various other opinions have advanced relative to the resources of the *pest*, but, in conclusion, I will annex only one, hoping, that, after this *expose*, my fellows and fellow-citizens will be on their guard. This hypothesis makes the *thing* master of a moving apparatus, vulgarly called, legs, with which it strolls about the "high-ways and bye-ways," ready to grasp all that falls. And it *is* whispered, that among other places of resort, it has the office of "The Undergraduate," where it feasts on manuscripts by the dozen and detects the authors by their chirography. Now I don't believe this; for if the black deities of the press should ever observe within their realms such an invcterate Paul Pry, I am sure they would consult their own dignity and instanter roll the intruder to the basement. But if the rumor be true—the fates grant it an uninterrupted perusal of my letter. Thine in tears,

TIMOTHY TELL-TALE.

SYLLOGISM.

The Grecian logicians had a curious syllogism which they thought unanswerable. They laid down this proposition,—A syllable eats bread, lard and cheese. How so? Why a rat eats bread, lard and cheese. Grant it. A *rat* is a *syllable*.—Grant it. Therefore, a syllable eats bread, lard and cheese.

Decision.

"Hath nature given man eyes
"To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
"Of sea and land—which can distinguish 'twixt
"The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
"Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
"Partition make with spectacles so precious
"'Twixt fair and foul."—*Shak.*

The history of every age, exhibits a most striking inequality in the condition and character of mankind. While here and there, an individual has moved in a car of triumph, along the highway of influence and honor, and left behind him an unfading testimony of his greatness; the great majority have grovelled in ignoble obscurity, down to a grave of forgetfulness. While the former has given a new character to the age and nation in which they lived, and put in motion all those splendid events which the world has witnessed; the latter have seen no good results, accomplished no worthy object in life, and left to their succesors scarce a vestige of their existence. From contemplating this wide contrast in beings of the same general species, subject to the same laws of universal Nature, emanating from one great *source*, and destined to share the same exit, we are naturally led to search for some efficient cause to which we can attribute it. Perhaps in some rare instances nature indeed may have contributed to this distinction. She may have delegated to some a superiority in rank or fortune. But it is admitted as a fact by all, that, in a great degree to every man is entrusted the high boon of shaping and controlling his own character. Observation and experience, will attest, that permanent elevation can be secured only by close industry and resolute perseverance. Decision, then, must have been a trait peculiar to those who have attained a lofty and lasting eminence.

With it, a mind of ordinary powers may achieve almost miracles; without it talent and genius are of little avail. A few rash efforts now and then, put forth in moments of excitement, do not constitute manly resolution.—There must be an abiding principle mighty to endure every attendant struggle and prompt to gradple with every foe. It matters not with how much ardor a man's feelings may be inspired, or how noble and controlling the zeal that glows in his bosom; provided they are of so fickle a kind, that the first obstacle may render them impotent, and the first occurrence of misfortune may cool and extinguish them. Success may for a while attend his exertion, and urge him onward with renewed vigor and cheering promise, till some unexpected opposition impedes his progress, and prostrates at once all his bright hopes, and he turns back disheartened, with a mind more irresolute, more faltering than ever. No one who blindly yields to every momentary impulse, whose enthusiasm is enkindled by every object that presents a flattering exterior, and who changes his pursuits at every trivial occurence, can secure to himself but a very limited satisfaction, and exert but a transient and worthless influence upon the surrouding community. He is the mere tool of the resolute and decided, ready to shape his course wherever they may dictate, without any investigation or forethought. His motion thro' the bustling scenes of life, somewhat resembles the helmless and unguided ship tossed by a "tumbling ocean," at the fury of the tempest, exposed to dash on every quick-sand and break on every shoal. His sentiments, his pursuits, all his prospects are mere temporary visitants. To-day he chases with ardor some day-dream of fame and immortality; to-morrow some chimera of an opposite character, enlists all his zeal. Such an one may pass thro' the world without the absolute enmity of those around him, but he is totally unworthy of their confidence and can never receive their esteem and friendship. Every man should have sufficient independence to canvass with the utmost caution, the innovations that chance may throw in his path, or which the designing and artful may get up to aid their own aggrandizement or the exhibition of their own superiority.

A settled and becoming confidence in one's own sincere opinion, and a steady reliance upon one's own honest judgment, are in numerous instances the best security against the deceit and intrigue of the impostor, and the demagogue, and may best be acquired by a constant exercise of this unyielding trait of character. In all ordinary cases upon whose forbearance and decision can any man rely for success and prosperity, amid the selfishness and treachery of the world, if he entirely discard the dictates of his own understanding. It is a fact which we cannot but see exhibited at all periods and in every department of life, that but a comparatively small portion of the community are directly instrumental of effecting any change in the moral or political world. A few resolute and decided individuals, by infusing their own sentiments into the public mind, and by causing a deep and mutual interest to be excited in their schemes, seem to fashion thewhole mass according to their own liking, and urge them onward in whatever course best suits their own inclinations. Whether they have formed their purposes for exclusive self-emolument, or from a benevolent regard to the well being of mankind, they have rarely failed of securing their object. Thus to the firm and undaunted spirit to be attributed

the origin of those momentous events which cause the most prominent features in the aspect of human society. Witness the youth of high hope and enthusiastic ardor. He first resolves that whatever station may content the spiritless throng, his shall be none other than the summit of human eminence. He sets out upon his sublime way with alacrity and vigor. Soon steep and craggy mountains intervene between him and the bright height to which he aspires, black clouds of portentous aspect darken the skies, anon the wrath of the storm is poured out upon him; the dismal prospect and the almost impervious way would be more than enough to dishearten and frighten back forever into despair any one of a less inflexible purpose, but the firm texture of his character knows no resistance. He prosecutes his toilsome journey in a gradual but persevering manner till he gains that proud spot towards which every energy and every faculty of his soul have been so intensely and so ardently directed. There he looks with self gratulation down upon an astonished and admiring world. Such an one was the celebrated Athenian orator, who without the advantages of early education, without the patronage of friends or fortune, by his own application and industry, rose through the mightiest difficulties to an almost unparalleled eminence. We find him depriving himself of those pleasures so peculiar to his age and situation —subjecting himself to retirements and hardships almost intolerable, to secure those favorite acquirements, by means of which, he afterwards shone as a brilliant star amidst surrounding night. What else was it but decision that enabled that renowned warrior of ancient Carthage to brave unparallelled difficulty and danger, to rush on, across seas and rivers, over the lofty and rugged cliffs of Alpine mountains, and penetrate into an extended and hostile country, filled with the most warlike and deadly foes, what would have impelled him forward but that same firmness of soul with which he swore in early life, that he would never live at peace with the Romans? A Cæsar, a Bonaparte, a Charles of Sweden, a Peter of Russia, and numerous others might be cited, who, by the unshaken resolution which characterized their purposes acquired an influence which still vibrates throughout the whole world. Although most of them are reputed to have been actuated by motives by no means of a praiseworthy character, yet they all most clearly evince the *omnipotence* of decision. But it assumes a far *nobler* form when blendid with a disposition to reform and to bless mankind. It is then that the decided man secures the esteem and gratidude of the wise and virtuous, and feels within that source of self-satisfaction which a consciousness of living for some good purpose can alone impart. What joyous emotions, what invigorating hopes must have animated the struggle of the undaunted Luther while laboring to effect that mighty Reformation, which diffused over the world the light of religious liberty? He devoted not his exertion to gratify a mercenary and heartless ambition.—He sacrificed not his better reason to obtain the shouts of popular applause. He would not be deterred from his purpose by the enticements which indolence hold forth to her votaries, or pleasure shows in her bower, but pursued with bold and manly determination the dictates of judgment. What delightful sensations must have gladdened the heart of the decided and immortal Howard, while administering daily consolation to the gloomy prisoner? The clanking of the felons chains in gratitude for his return was to him far sweeter music than the softest strains that ever died away on the ear of Princes. What bright visions of the future glory and happiness of mankind burst upon the unraptured view of the adventurous Columbus when a new world appeared before him as a reward for his own perseverance. "Joy to the soldier when the fight is done, to the mariner when he furls his sails in his own peaceful bay," to the philanthropist when the struggles of laborious and honored life are over, and he turns his thoughts for the last time upon the rising glory of his country and his species, with a consciousness that he contributed to their advancement, and then with a spirit calm and tranquil as a summer's evening, looks forward to greet the cheerful prospect before him. ROMEO.

FOREIGN.—The latest accounts from the seat of war in Europe, represent the Russians as on the retreat steadily pursued by the Poles. It is said that a scantiness of provisions more than any thing else, compelled the Russian Commander to take this step. Gen. Dwinecki, after having been highly successful in his entrance into Volhynia while opposed by an equal force, was, at length, hemmed in by two detatchments of the army greatly superior in numbers to his own, and was compelled to take refuge in the Austrian Territory where he was deprived of his arms and held in custody. A levy of 40,000 men has just been made in Poland. The relations between Belgium and Holland seem to be more pacific.

MARRIED,

In Brandon, Nelson Brainerd of Weybridge, to Miss —— Childs of the former place.

DIED,

In Whiting, Mrs Lydia, wife of Mr John Needham, 55. In Burlington, on Monday last, the Hon. John C. Thompson, Assistant Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, aged 41.